Accents Can Be Tricky

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/861086.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will's dogs, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Home Visit, Cooking, Excited Will, Accents, Accent, Rough Kissing, Hair Pulling, Cooking!Will, make out, slight angst
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Accents Can Be Tricky
Stats:	Published: 2013-06-28 Completed: 2013-07-01 Words: 3,376 Chapters: 2/2

Accents Can Be Tricky

by penvisions277

Summary

What happens when Will get's a little too comfortable around Hannibal and his accent begins to break through?

Notes

Ugh, this is lame, honestly. I don't know why I'm even uploading this.

This is my first fic for Hannibal, so wish me luck.

Chapter 1

“Will.” The man in question jumped in alarm, dropping the potted plant he had been arranging on his window seal out on his porch. The plant fell to the floor, shattering when it met the wood that made it up. Pieces of pottery and dirt scattered and the plant wilted as it laid on its side. Will cursed as he kicked the dirt that fell onto his shoes off and looked into the window in front of him. There was the silhouette of the man who had called his name and he spun around in curiosity, completely forgetting about the busted plant.

“Dr. Lecter, what are you doing here?”

Will was, once again, painfully reminded of his plaid shirt and mediocre khakis as he took in the high end dress shirt and waistcoat that Hannibal was wearing to match the smoky gray of his trousers. The jacket he must have forgone in light of the heat, likewise rolling the sleeves of his pastel blue shirt to up elbows.

“I have invited myself over in order to make you a full course meal. Dr. Bloom tells me you’ve been living off of the vending machines at work. I had thought you were making up for it by cooking when you were home, but then she informed me that you hardly even stock you fridge with foods other than those that are frozen.”

Will brought his hand up to rub the back of his head, a show of his embarrassment. He quickly straightened to his full height as he felt himself begin to slouch in another show of sheepishness under Hannibal’s disapproving gaze. The older man was far too concerned over his eating habits, but if the man wanted to make him some food, he wasn’t about to complain.

“The thing is, Alana doesn’t know that I can cook. Every time she visits is when I’m just too damn tired to cook for myself. She had no right to go around telling you I don’t know how to feed myself.”

Hannibal silently took in the way that Will’s downcast eyes had flashed in annoyance and his nostrils had flared at the mental image of Alana. Hannibal tried to picture Will working his way through his small kitchen, hands deftly filleting a freshly caught fish and chopping some mid-southern vegetables for dinner. He allowed for his lips to turn up slightly at the corners, both at the image and at the annoyance Will was feeling towards his romantic interest.

“Tell me, Will, what is it that you normally cook for yourself?”

Will looked up to place his eyes on the man’s nose. Hannibal mentally applauded the bold move, he was making progress.

“I normally just bake or shallow fry some of the fish that I catch down at the small lake that runs behind my house. Sometimes I forgo that in favor of some lamb or chicken. Typical fare from Louisiana.”

The tang that had entered his voice as he spoke the state’s name made him freeze in his spot. A look of panic flashed across his face for the briefest of moments but Hannibal caught it.

“I find your accent interesting, my dear Will, as I’m sure you do mine.”

Will was quick to bring his eyes up to meet Hannibal’s before shuffling away to reach for the broom leaning on the window behind him. Began to sweep the mess of shattered pottery and dirt into a dustbin, speaking as he did so.

“Yeah, but your accent is interesting. It hints at a life in a foreign country. Of intelligence and a multi-ethnic background. But mine,” He paused to carry the dustbin in his hands off the porch and towards where Hannibal assumed he kept the garbage around the house.

“Has a negative connotation of ignorance and backwards mannerisms.”

He deposited the empty dustbin back in its place beside the chair near the window. There was a cage just beyond it, no doubt for newcomers into Will’s home he happened across. The man looked like he was about to flop himself into the chair, but he seemed to rethink it. He turned to face Hannibal again, only now noticing the bag he had placed beside his feet.

“Why don’t we take that inside, I’m sure whatever is in there isn’t doing too well in this heat.”

“I have yet to be invited into your house, Will, to waltz right in would be rude.”

“Dr. Lecter, you’ve watched my dogs for me, you’re allowed in my house without an invitation.”

Will tossed the man a slightly exasperated look, as he moved to hold the door open for the older man. Hannibal carefully picked up the bag beside him and walked into the cool of the house. A few of the dogs were sprawled out on their beds and the occasional chair, but they did not jump up at his appearance. They must’ve heard the conversation outside to not feel the need to investigate him.

“Is that the most intimate of your actions, Will? Allowing someone to watch over your dogs while you are away?”

He walked silently into the kitchen, placing his bag onto the clean counter. Will shuffled in behind him and made his way around Hannibal and towards the sink. He washed his hands with a simple antibacterial soap and Hannibal mentally checked that off as one of the better things about him. The man was intent on being clean despite the animals in the house, unlike some people.

“Well, they’re my family, so I guess so. I don’t want just anyone in my home either. This is my safe place from the dark places Jack tends to send me.”

He turned the water off and reached for the towel hanging on the handle of the oven besides Hannibal’s waist. As he dried off his hands he peered curiously at the bag, no longer able to quell it.
“I’ve brought some asparagus and tomatoes for one of our side dishes, as well as some romaine lettuce and all of the necessary ingredients for a salad. I was going to prepare us

some roasted lamb, but I am more interested in that fish you have hanging out on the porch. I apologize for intruding, but you've made me curious towards your cooking skills."

Will made a show of folding the dish towel in his hand before hanging back in its spot.

"I've never really cooked for anyone, Dr. Lecter. I'll probably wilt under the pressure of having you in my kitchen."

"My dear Will, anything you make for us will surely be delightful."

"Oh, um, thanks. So I'll need some…"

As he listed off the ingredients he began to move about the kitchen, gathering the supplies. He must not have noticed that his accent was caressing certain spices and the way he listed off the methods of how he should cook the fish. Hannibal just stood there in a slight trance as he watched the man move about. It was certainly a rare treat to see Will in such a good mood. He felt the corners of his lips tweak up again.

"And I'll need to go out back and pick some kern from the back to pair it with the salad, unless you've already got some in that bag of yours."

Will turned around from a counter decorated with a glass baking pan, a bottle of olive oil, and the ingredients for a fish bake. He appeared to fighting the urge to empty the bag beside Hannibal, the idea of cooking spurring him into a good mood. It was when he glanced from the bag to Hannibal's face that he noticed the small grin decorating the older man's features.

"Oh my god, I just said kern instead of corn. You must think I sound like an idiot."

Will cradled his face in his palm, a flush rising from his neck and to his cheeks. Hannibal pushed himself from where he had been leaning against the counter beside the oven and placed his hands atop Will's slouched shoulders. The man looked up in alarm, not expecting the touch, least of all an intimate touch.

"Nonsense, Will. I think your accent is rather cute."

Will openly gaped at the man a few feet away from him, meeting his eyes in disbelief, hoping to catch the swirling emotion of ill intent in the depths of his eyes. But he did not find it, he found fondness instead.

"I find it endearing that you've gotten so excited about helping me cook a meal that some of your walls have come down."

"Well, I trusted you enough to watch my dogs. But I never intended for you to hear my accent."

"Hush, as I said before your accent in cute."

Will flushed at the word cute, tensing underneath Hannibal's gentle hands. He looked down at the patterned waistcoat the man had on and mumbled something.

“Excuse me?”

“I’m a thirty something year old man, I don’t think the appropriate word would be cute, Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal inched closer to Will, so that each could feel the body heat of the other. Will tensed slightly even more at the forward action, not knowing what to expect. His heart began to race as Hannibal moved his head closer to Will’s in what seemed to be a kiss.

Will’s gasp was cut off by Hannibal’s lips on his own. Just as suddenly as the man had closed in on him, he had backed off. There was a slight flush to the man’s tan face that Will hadn’t been expecting. Hannibal leaned forward to place his mouth beside Will’s ear.

“Then how about we use the word attractive.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Since I got such good reviews on this, I went ahead and continued where it left off ;)

Before he could even comprehend what he was doing, Will flung himself forward, catching Hannibal's waistcoat with his tingling fingers and pulled the man to him again to meet his lips with his own. He pushed all of his suppressed emotions into the kiss, hoping to convey how he felt about the man in front of him. All of the admiration, respect, and thankfulness he felts towards the man who actually gave a damn about him.

Hannibal froze, the slight flush that had taken residence on his tan face deepened as he peered down into Will's face. The emotions were so crisp and openly displayed that the older man could feel him sway on his feet. The reality of the rarity of the situation struck him again. He hadn't expected Will to react in such a heated way. He had been prepared to shuck aside their small kiss as Will mumbled something or other about being sorry before they both resumed working with the food on the counters. Least of all a kiss so sensual that Hannibal was regretting not initiating this type of situation earlier. With a last thought of regret, Hannibal reached out to lightly place his hands upon Will's neck.

Will groaned as Hannibal began to return the heated kiss, forgoing the thoughts of how awkward this situation must be. The groan sent vibrations down the column of his neck and into the good doctor's hands. In retaliation, Hannibal pushed Will's backside into the counter behind him, pressing his body flush against the man in front of him. Will's fists tightened their hold on the fabric of waistcoat as a strangled gasp caused the kiss to break.

Hannibal was taken by surprise when Will brought his eyes up to meet his own. Will was a mess of wrinkled clothing and harsh breathing, while Hannibal was a little more composed despite what had just occurred. Will's breath hitched when Hannibal's curious expression darkened and the man pushed his lower half against him. It was a struggle, but Will kept up the contact between their gazes, trying desperately to read the flashes of emotion in Hannibal's dark eyes.

They shared a heated look before both were leaning in with their mouths open. Their tongues met in a battle for dominance, either man wanting to taste the others mouth. When Hannibal pushed his pelvis into Will's, the younger man wilted in his hold and allowed him to run his tongue along his lips. The air thickened as Will began to move forward, grinding shamelessly against Hannibal, seeking the friction that had ignited both of their bodies when Hannibal had pinned Will to the counter.

A strangled groan fell from Will's kiss swollen lips as Hannibal broke away and began to trail biting kisses to the column of his throat. He had begun to return the hasty movement of Will's

hips when his teeth raked against one of the more sensitive spots on Will's collarbone.

"Ahh!"

"Mmm, did you like that, Will?"

Hannibal's husky voice sent shivers down the younger man's back. The good doctor didn't give Will the time to answer before he began to ravish attention on the overly sensitive patch of skin with his teeth. All thoughts rushed out of his mind as Will began to wind his hands into the silky hair that always stayed in his place. A small groan of satisfaction and pleasure sounded in the air as Will took in a swell of pride at the mussed locks underneath his fingers.

He felt the hands gripping his neck tighten in a silent warning. Apparently Hannibal wasn't too fond of him messing up his pristine hair. With a jolt, Will's hips lunged forward to meet Hannibal's, his back arching, the man had run his tongue up the length of his neck. Will tightened his hold on the older man's hair and pulled his head up to connect their lips again.

The kiss was just as heated at the last exchange. Lips meeting in bruising pressure only for them to part to allow tongues to clash once again. Their hips moved against one another in delicious friction, allowing each to feel the other's reaction to the exchange.

It was with regret that Will broke the connection, a wet popping sounded in the air. There was a line of spit still connecting the two men's lips, it broke to rest against Will's chin as he looked up at the ceiling. Hannibal resisted the urge to attach his mouth to Will's neck again, the younger man had deliberately broken the kiss, so he would not push his new found boundaries. He removed his hands from around Will's neck, noting the way that his fingers had left light marks in the alabaster skin.

"I don't know that that was, but I didn't want it to stop."

Will spoke to the ceiling as he untangled his hands from where they had twisted in Hannibal's hair. They fell to rest on the counter behind him, pushing his chest out just a fraction, his hips thrusting forward slightly as well. The quiet rumble that sounded from Hannibal's throat caused both men to freeze in their spots.

Will's neck snapped back down so he could peer cautiously at the man in front of him, Hannibal was far from the state he had first entered the house in. His normally slicked back hair was tousled all about, the fringe falling to his forehead had a softening effect on the man's sharp features. Both his dress shirt and waist coat were now wrinkled from when Will had latched onto the man to gain more momentum and braced himself.

There was a small bump in the front of Hannibal's trousers, giving away the type of influence Will had on the older man. A gasp stuck in his throat as Will's own want jolted at the heady thought of what they had just done. Will looked to the ceiling again, hoping that by not looking at the man in front of him, he could calm down. But after a few moments it was clear that Will was curious as to how they had just gone so far from a simple conversation. He brought his gaze back down and, despite his urge to shy away from it, Will locked his eyes with Hannibal's once again.

His eyes were no longer calculating, but still dark in the recent pleasure. He was watching, waiting for Will's reaction. Surely the empath didn't force kisses on other people like that. Hannibal mentally scolded himself for letting his thoughts turn to Dr. Bloom, surely Will had initiated a kiss between them? In fact, they had, Hannibal frowned at the memory of will showing up on his doorstop in a tizzy about kissing her even after an hour's long drive through severe weather.

A frown pulled down the corners of his mouth just enough to warrant Will's curiosity.

"I know I'm a terrible kisser, it's just that, well, you started it."

A low chuckle fell from Hannibal's lips as he watched Will's face fall into an accusing pout.

"And you decided to finish it. Very admirable of you, Will."

Will's face returned to its normal, slightly burdened expression. His hands tightened their hold on the edge of the counter on either side of him as he brought his eyes to connect briefly with the man's in front of him before he settled his gaze on the man's forehead, watching the way that his silky fringe caressed the tan skin there. He mumbled something that sounded like an apology followed by what Hannibal was sure was a self-derogatory remark.

"You have nothing to be sorry for, Will. As you stated so elementarily, I was the one that started it. I daresay I'm very pleased that you felt the urge to finish it."

Hannibal moved forward, gently placing his hands atop Will's shoulders. Wasn't that the action that spurred this whole exchange? Will thought as his heartbeat erratically in his chest. He slowly brought his lips to Will's in a chaste kiss, somehow more heated than the intense ones they had been tangled in moments before. Will felt his eyes close lazily at the affectionate action, reveling in the innocence of simple feeling cared for.

"Please don't be spouting words of comfort only to shy away from me."

Will spoke with his eyes closed, not yet ready to peer into Hannibal's face again. He was sure the doctor had better things to do and people to spend time with than hang around his dingy house with him and help him make a dinner he was more than capable of making on his own. Hands gently forced Will to face forward, into what the empath could only assume was Hannibal's own face. He hesitantly opened his eyes to find kind ones returning his worried look.

"My dear, Will. You are the single most fascinating individual I have had the chance to come across. And I'm not simply referring to your ability to empathize with anyone the unique way that you can." Hannibal's tone had turned stern at the incredulous look Will had been about to turn on him.

"You keep to yourself in an attempt to be happy, people burden you with their feelings and problems. But Will, someone has sought you out without setting off your alarms. Allow me in, Will. I assure you that I will not disappoint."

A shy smile adorned Will's lips at the older man's words. He couldn't find any false promises in the man's words. Hell, Hannibal had offered him steady ground when no one else could or wanted to. Jack always said he was Will's rock, but he was the one who kept throwing him out to the sharks. This, Hannibal's hands on his skin, the look in his eyes as he pushed boundaries but didn't breach them, that was what Will needed.

"So do you have any corn in that bag of yours?"

Hannibal chuckled as he removed his hands from Will's face and crossed the floor space to the counter opposite them. He carefully extracted a husk of corn, a small grin pulling at the corners of his lips in the most careful of ways. Will returned the grin with one of his own, back to the good mood that had been stirred in him the moment Hannibal had admitted to wanting to try his cooking, only this time he wasn't sure whether he would hide the slip of his accent as he spoke certain words.

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